

Prang's Chromo.

A JOURNAL OF POPULAR ART.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1869.

No. V.

JAMES PARTON ON POPULARIZING ART.

FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.*

THE impatience of a German washer-woman led to the invention of lithography. The history of that elegant art begins with a homely domestic scene, which occurred at Munich about the year 1798, and in which three characters figured, — Madame Senefelder, the poor widow of an excellent actor, then recently deceased; her son, Alois Senefelder, aged twenty-two, a young man of an inventive turn; and the impatient washer-woman just mentioned. The washer-woman had called at the home of this widow for the weekly "wash;" but the "list" was not ready, and the widow asked her son to take it. He looked about the room for a piece of paper upon which to write it, without being able to find the least fragment, and he noticed also that his ink was dry. Washer-women are not apt to be overawed by such customers; and this one certainly did not conceal her impatience while the fruitless search was proceeding. The young man had in the apartment a smooth, soft, cream-colored stone, such as lithographers now use. He had also a mass of paste made of lampblack, wax, soap, and water. In the hurry of the moment, he dashed upon the soft, smooth stone the short list of garments, using for the purpose this awkward lump of oily paste. The washer-woman went off with her small bundle of clothes, peace was restored to the family, and the writing on the stone remained.

To understand how so trifling a circumstance caused the invention of lithography, it is necessary to know why this young man had in his house that flat, smooth stone, and that soapy black lump, and how it happened that his ink was dry, and that not the smallest piece of paper could be found in the room. If it is humiliating to the pride of man to learn what a great part accident plays in discoveries, we are somewhat re-assured when we perceive that it is only a specially-trained, active, penetrating human intelligence which can interpret and follow up the hint which accident gives. Our washer-woman, reader, might drive us raving mad with her impatience, but I fear we should never invent any thing remarkable in consequence. But this Alois Senefelder was prepared for his washer-woman by previous experiment and brooding thought.

He had been a law-student to please his father; but, upon his father's death, the poverty of the family compelled him to abandon a distasteful pursuit, and he hastened to try the stage. The coldness of the audience announced to him that he had not inherited his father's talent; and the manager could only offer him the position of supernumerary, which he accepted. While performing silent parts, he devised speeches and situations for more gifted actors. Some of his plays were performed, and with such success, that he deemed it worth while to print them; and this led to his becoming intimately conversant with the whole art and mystery of printing. Having plenty of leisure, and a plentiful lack of every thing else, it occurred to him to try and save expense by printing his own plays; and, with that end in view, he proceeded to experiment with sealing-wax, wood, and other substances. Not succeeding in getting a good im-

pression from wax or wood, he attempted to engrave a copperplate by the aid of aquafortis; but, before applying this biting liquid, he had to cover his copperplate with the varnish that engravers use for the purpose, and write upon it a page of print backwards. It is not easy to write printing letters backwards. He made many mistakes; and one mistake might spoil a most laboriously-written page. To lessen this difficulty, he contrived the mixture of wax, soap, lampblack, and water referred to above, with which he used to cover over his errors, and write upon it the correct word. This accounts for his having in his house so unusual a mixture, which was, in fact, an *oily pencil*, — one of the essentials of the art (then unknown) of taking impressions from a writing or drawing upon stone.

He succeeded, at length, in getting a tolerable proof of one page from his copperplate. But plates of polished copper are expensive, and the poor German playwright could not continue his experiments with them. In the neighborhood of Munich, the slabs of soft stone since used by lithographers are found; and it now occurred to the experimenter to try and engrave his works upon them. It is a *lime* stone, which, though soft when taken from the quarry, hardens after exposure to the air. He cut some letters upon the surface of one of the slabs which he had brought with his own hands from the banks of the Inn; but the result was not encouraging, and he only waited for his purse to be replenished to continue his experiments upon copper. Meanwhile he used to cover his flat stone with engraver's varnish, and, upon the surface thus prepared, practise writing backwards. On the morning of the washer-woman's visit he had in his room a stone which he had been roughening a little to receive the varnish, and it lay before him fresh and clean. Every scrap of paper in the house he had used in taking proofs from his copperplate and engraved stones; and the ink of this dramatic author was dry, because, in his eagerness to print, he had ceased to write. Hence it was that, to get rid of an impatient washer-woman, he wrote the list of clothes upon a surface of limestone with a soapy, waxy pencil. The wax was of no importance. The secret of what followed was, that he had written upon limestone with a pencil of which *grease* was an ingredient.

In fact, the whole art of lithography and chromo-lithography depends upon two facts of chemistry, — that water and oil will not mix, and that oil and lime will.

Before rubbing out his hasty scrawl, it occurred to him to try whether the letters would resist aquafortis; a weak dilution of which he poured over the stone, and let it remain wet for five minutes. He found or fancied, that the aquafortis had eaten away the stone to the depth of one line, leaving the letters in slight relief. His next thought was to see if it were possible to take an impression of his list upon paper. After many experiments and failures, he succeeded in contriving a method by which he could cover his letters with ink, and keep the rest of the surface clean. He found it was only necessary to wet the whole surface of the stone before applying his inking pad. The film of water kept the oily printer's ink from adhering to the stone, but did not keep it from adhering to the letters written upon the stone with soap and lampblack. He laid his paper upon the stone, applied the requisite pressure, and, lo! an excellent proof of his washing-list! Lithography was invented. The

process was complete. It only remained to devise apparatus for executing it with facility and despatch.

The great secrets of the art are these three: 1. A limestone surface; 2. An oily pencil in drawing upon that surface; 3. Wetting the stone before putting on the oily printing-ink.

Every one familiar with the history of inventions can guess perfectly well what next befell this inventor, without being told. It is ever the same old story. After reducing himself very near the verge of starvation by continuing his experiments, and being at his wits' end, a man who had been drawn as a conscript in a neighboring province offered him fifty dollars if he would serve in his stead. Senefelder accepted the offer, but, upon presenting himself at the station, he was rejected as a foreigner, and compelled to return to Munich. Then he revealed his secret to the court musician, and represented to him how well adapted the new process was to the printing of music, which was then only printed upon copperplates at great cost. The court musician was convinced. He joined the inventor in setting up at Munich the first lithographic establishment that ever existed in the world; where, amid poverty and discouragement, Senefelder toiled on, inventing presses, utensils, processes, and methods, patiently developing the art which he had created. Of course, the engravers and draughtsmen of that day either pooch-pooched lithography as something contemptible and transitory, or denounced it as inimical to the interests of art; and we may be sure that some of the art critics of the time smiled derision upon the inventor's exertions, and maintained that the slightest sketch from an artist's hand was more to be desired than the best lithograph which mechanism could assist in producing. It is mentioned, as an evidence of the slight importance attached to the new art, that, on one occasion, the Academy of Munich voted to Senefelder and his partner the sum of twelve florins to aid them in their experiments. The inventor, however, as inventors frequently do, triumphed at length over foes and friends, and, after about twenty years of unrequited labor, secured a small but sufficient share of the results of his invention.

He lived to the year 1834. I am assured by the most eminent lithographer of the United States, that Senefelder created almost the entire process, as now conducted, by which plain lithographs are produced, and that he lived to see that branch of the art reach its utmost development. Better plain lithographs were executed in the inventor's own lifetime than it has since been thought worth while to attempt. He also brought the art of tinting lithographs as far as it has ever gone, although, perhaps, he did not himself execute the best specimens. Finally, he more than suggested the application of the process by which those chromo or color lithographs are produced, which now adorn our abodes, and which are pushing from cottage and farm-house and barber-shop walls the gorgeous daubs of Napoleon crossing the Alps, the portraits of "Emma," the engravings of General Washington ascending to heaven borne by angels in Continental uniform, the representations of Edwin Forrest in the part of Rolla, holding aloft in fearful peril the child of a supernumerary, which used to disfigure them. It is seldom, that, in a single lifetime, an invention is developed so far as this, and applied to so many uses.

The part which accident played in the invention of

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lithography is more than usually remarkable. Since the day when Alois Senefelder, wandering thoughtful on the banks of Isar, near Munich, picked up specimens of that peculiar limestone, and brought home a slab to engrave upon, the earth has been carefully looked over, and the geologists have been closely questioned, for lithographic stones; but none have been found equal to those which he there discovered seventy-five years since. That quality of stone has increased in price, until it now sells in our seaports, according to quality and size, up to thirty-five cents a pound; but we can get no supplies of it except in the region where accident revealed its existence to our poor playwright in 1793. If he had daubed his washing-list on marble or slate, nothing would have come of it. If he could only have found a small fragment of a play-bill or newspaper lying about in his room, we might never have had lithography. If his ink had not been dry, he would doubtless have used that in writing upon the stone; and from such an ink no impressions could have been taken. If his washer-woman had been so happy as to possess a tranquil mind, or if she had had no crying baby at home, or had held the Senefelder family in more respect, the poor lad might have kept her waiting while he ran in next door and borrowed a piece of paper. If he had not mixed some soap in his paste, and thus added to it the ingredient of oil, which forms the requisite chemical combination with the limestone, he would have experimented fruitlessly with his washing-list. If he and his mother had not been very poor, and in all respects circumstanced just as they were and where they were, mankind might not for ages to come, and might never, have attained to lithography; and we should not have been the happy possessors of Mr. Prang's chromos. It is startling to consider how near we all came to losing Eastman Johnson's "Barefoot Boy." Two inches of waste paper the more, or a small piece of yellow soap the less, and the public might never have had that interesting child.

Chromo-lithography, by which our houses and school-rooms are now filled with beautiful pictures, is a combination of Senefelder's invention with an ancient method of printing in colors by using two or more blocks. Antiquity, however, only gave the hint, which has been developed with wonderful rapidity by accomplished artists and artisans in Germany, France, England, and the United States; the German Engemann being the chief originator of methods. The first patents relating to chromo-lithography bear date 1835, and in these thirty-four years the art has made such progress, that copies of fine oil-paintings are now daily produced which contain all of the original picture which the public can see, and which none but a close observer can tell from the original. At Prang's manufactory of chromos, in Boston, there is a gallery in which the proprietor sometimes hangs, side by side, an oil-painting and the chromo-lithograph taken from it, both framed alike. I think that not even the artist who painted the picture could always tell them apart, and I am sure that few others could. It would be a safe thing to wager that the critics who have endeavored to write down these beautiful productions would not be always able, without handling them, to decide which was brush, and which was printing-press.

The process by which these chromo-lithographs are produced is simple; but it is long, delicate, and expensive. One of the chromos most familiar, just now, to the public is that of the boy referred to above, in the painting of which Mr. Eastman Johnson endeavored to express upon canvas that which Mr. Whittier had already written in verse:—

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan;
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry-whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace.
From my heart I give thee joy:
I was once a barefoot boy!"

It is a small picture,—about thirteen inches by ten,—but to reproduce it in chromo-lithograph requires twenty-

six slabs of stone, weighing not far from two tons, and worth fourteen hundred dollars. The time occupied in preparing these stones for the press is about three months; and, when once the stones are ready, an edition of a thousand copies is printed in five months more. And yet, although the original is worth a thousand dollars, and the process of reproduction is so long and costly, a copy is sold for five dollars,—a copy, too, which, to nineteen-twentieths of the public, says as much, and gives as much delight every time it is looked at, as the original work could. It may be possible, in a few words, to convey some idea of the manner in which this particular boy, standing barefoot upon a rock in a brook, with trees, a grassy bank, and blue sky behind him, is transferred from a thousand-dollar canvas to whole stacks of five-dollar pasteboard.

As far as possible, the chromo-lithographer produces his copy by the method which the artist employed in painting the original. One great difference between painting and printing is, that the printer puts on all his color at once, while the painter applies color in infinitesimal quantities. One crush of the printing-press blackens the page; but a landscape grows and brightens gradually under the artist's hand, as the natural scene which he is representing ripens and colors under the softer touches of the sun, the warm winds and gentle showers of April and May. As far as possible, I say, the chromo-lithographer imitates these processes of art and nature by applying color in small quantities, and by many operations. He first draws upon a stone, with his pencil of soap and lampblack, a faint shadow of the picture,—the outline of the boy, the trees, and the grassy bank. In taking impressions from this first stone an ink is used which differs from printer's ink only in its color. Printer's ink is composed chiefly of boiled linseed-oil and lampblack; but our chromo-lithographer, employing the same basis of linseed-oil, mixes with it whatever coloring-matter he requires. In taking impressions from the first stone, in laying, as it were, the foundation of the boy, he prefers a browned vermilion. The proof from this stone shows us a dim beginning of the boy in a cloud of brownish red and white, in which can be discerned a faint outline of the trees that are by and by to wave over his head. The face has no features. The only circumstances clearly revealed to the spectator are, that the boy has his jacket off, and that his future trousers will be dark. Color is placed, first of all, where most color will be finally wanted.

The boy is begun. He wants more vermilion, and some portions of the trees and background will bear more. On the second stone, only those portions of the picture are drawn, which, at this stage of the picture, require more of that color. Upon this second stone, after the color is applied, the first impression is laid, and the second impression is taken. In this proof, the boy is manifestly advanced. As the deeper color upon his face was not put upon the spots where his eyes are to be, we begin to discern the outline of those organs. The boy is more distinct, and the general scheme of the picture is slightly more apparent.

As yet, however, but two colors appear,—brown-vermilion and white. On the third stone, the drawing is made of all the parts of the picture which require a blue coloring,—both those that will finally appear blue, and those which are next to receive a color that will combine with blue. Nearly the whole of the third stone is covered with drawing; for every part of the picture requires some blue, except those small portions which are finally to remain white. The boy is now printed for the third time; a bright blue color being spread upon the stone. The change is surprising, and we begin now to see what a pretty picture we are going to have at last. The sky is blue behind the boy, and the water around the rock upon which he stands is blue; there is blue in his eyes, and in the folds of his shirt; but in the darker parts of the picture the brown-vermilion holds its own, and gains in depth and distinctness from the intermixture with the lighter hue.

Stone number four explains why so much blue was used upon number three. A bright yellow is used in

printing from number four; and this color, blending with the blue of the previous impression, plasters a yellowy, disagreeable green on the trees and grass. The fifth stone, which applies a great quantity of brown-vermilion, corrects in some degree this dauby, bad effect of the yellow, deepens the shadows, and restores the spectator's confidence in the future of the boy. In some mysterious way, this liberal addition of vermilion brings out many details of the picture that before were scarcely visible. The water begins to look like water, the grass like grass, the sky like sky, and the flesh like flesh. The sixth stone adds nothing to the picture but pure black; but it corrects and advances nearly every part of it, especially the trunks of the trees, the dark shade upon the rocks, and portions of the boy's trousers. Stone number seven gives the whole picture, except the figure of the boy, a coat of blue; which, however, only makes that bluer which was blue before, and leaves the other objects of their previous color, although brighter and clearer. The eighth stone merely puts "madder lake" upon the boy's face, hands, and feet, which darkens them a little, and gives them a reddish tinge. He is, however, far from being a pleasing object; for his eyes, unformed as yet, are nothing but dirty blue spots, extremely unbecoming. The ninth stone, which applies a color nearly black, adds a deeper shade to several parts of the picture, but scarcely does any thing for the boy. The tenth stone makes amends by putting upon his cheeks, hands, and feet a bright tinge of blended lake and vermilion, and giving to his eyes a somewhat clearer outline.

To an inexperienced person, the picture now appears to be in a very advanced stage; and many of us would say, "Put a little speculation into that boy's eyes, and let him go." Trees, rocks, grass, water, and sky look pretty well,—look a thousand times better than the same objects in paintings which auctioneers praise, and that highly. But we are only at the tenth stone. That child has to go through the press sixteen times more before Mr. Prang will consider him fit to appear before a fastidious public.

Stones number eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen all apply what seems to the uninstructed eye mere black. The colors are, indeed, extremely dark, although not pure black; and the chief object of these six impressions is to put into the picture those lines and shadows which the eye just mentioned cannot understand, but only enjoys. It is by such minute applications of color that a picture is raised from the scale of merit which escapes censure to that which affords delight. The last of these shading stones gives the boy his eyes, and from this time he looks like himself.

The seventeenth stone lays upon the trees and grass a peculiar shade of green, that corrects them perceptibly. Number eighteen just touches the plump cheeks, the mouth and toes of the boy, with mingled lake and vermilion, at which he smiles. The last seven stones continue the shading, deepening, and enriching of the picture by applying to different parts of it the various mitigations of black. It is then, passed through the press upon a stone, which is grained in such a way as to impart to the picture the roughness of canvas; after which it is mounted upon thick pasteboard, and varnished. The resemblance to the original is then such that it is doubtful if Mr. Eastman Johnson could pick out his own boy if he were surrounded with a number of copies.

It is not every picture that admits of such successful treatment as this, nor does every chromo-lithographer bestow upon his productions so much pains and expense. A salable picture could be made of this boy in ten impressions; but, as we have seen, he receives twenty-six: and the process might be prolonged until a small quarry of stones had been expended upon him. Some landscapes have been executed which required thirty-two stones, and such pictures advance to completion by a process extremely similar to that employed by an artist; that is to say, color is applied to them very much in the same order, in the same minute quantities, and with an approach to the same intelligent delicacy of touch. It is an error to regard these interesting works as mechanical. A mere mechanic, it is true, by a certain Chinese servility

of copying, can produce an extremely close, hard imitation of an oil painting; and much work of this kind is done in Germany and England. But in our Boston establishment, no mechanic puts pencil to one of the stones employed in producing fine pictures. The artistic work is executed by artists of repute, who have themselves produced respectable paintings of the kind which they are employed to imitate. Any one who watches Mr. Harrington transferring to a long series of lithographic stones Mr. Hill's painting of the Yosemite Valley will perceive that he is laboring in the spirit of an artist and by the methods of an artist. It would be highly absurd to claim for any copyist equal rank with the creator of the original, or to say that any copy can possess the intrinsic value of an original. But it is unjust to reduce to the rank of artisans the skilful and patient artists who know how to catch the spirit and preserve the details of a fine work, and reproduce in countless copies all of both which the public can discern.

This art of chromo-lithography harmonizes well with the special work of America at the present moment, which is not to create, but to diffuse; not to produce literature, but to distribute the spelling-book; not to add to the world's treasures of art, but to educate the mass of mankind to an intelligent enjoyment of those which we already possess. Our poets, most of them, are gray-beards, and it does not yet appear that their places are to be filled when they are gone. Our few literary men of established rank are descending into the vale of years, and their successors have not emerged into view. In the region of the fine arts there are indications of more vigorous life; but our young artists do not seem so willing as the great men of old to submit to the inexorable conditions of a lasting and a growing success, — a simple, inexpensive life, steady toil, Spartan fare, and a brain uncontaminated by narcotics. And if, in the department of original science, we can boast of one great name, it is the name of a person whom we only had the sense to appropriate, not the honor to produce. Meanwhile, what our sweet and tenderly-beloved Tory friends amiably style "the scum of Europe" pours upon our shores, chokes up our cities, and overspreads the Western plains. When a Tory speaks of the "scum of Europe," or of "the dregs of the people," he merely means the people whom his barbaric and all-grasping meanness has kept ignorant and poor. These people, as well as the emancipated slaves of the South, it devolves upon us of this generation and the next to convert into thinking, knowing, skilful, tasteful American citizens. Mr. Prang has finished his new manufactory just in time. By his assistance we may hope to diffuse among all classes of the people that feeling for art which must precede the production of excellent national works.

The public have shown an alacrity to possess these beautiful pictures. In April, 1861, Louis Prang was proprietor of a small lithographic establishment in the fourth story of a building in Boston. The impending war had not merely injured his business, but brought it to an absolute standstill. His presses were covered with dust; he had dismissed his workmen; no one came near him; and, being still in debt for his presses and stones, he was not to be reckoned, just then, among the fortunate of his species. One day, at the time when eyes were directed to the pregnant events occurring in Charleston Harbor, when Sumter and Moultrie were on every tongue and in every heart, a friend chanced to show the anxious lithographer an engineer's plan of that harbor, with the positions of all the forts, shoals, and channels marked; with a map of the city in its proper place, drawings of the forts in the corners, and the distances indicated. "This would be a good thing for you to publish," said his friend. It was an oar thrown to a drowning man. A few days after, the occupants of the lofty building in which Mr. Prang had his small shop were at first surprised, and then annoyed, by the thunder of news-boys and errand-boys tramping up and thumping down the stairs leading to the lithographer's room. Four presses were soon running. The master of the shop, with surprise and pleasure beaming from his countenance, of late so dejected, was handing out copies of the map by ones,

twos, dozens, twenties, and hundreds, damp from the stones, as fast as the presses could print them. On the first day, before the map had got into the shop-windows and upon the news-stands, so large a number of single copies were sold, at twenty-five cents each, by the publisher himself, that he had at night a hatful of silver coin. The flow of cash came so suddenly and so unexpectedly, that he did not know where to put it, and was obliged to use his hat for want of a reservoir more convenient. The little map was a marvellous hit. It sold to the extent of forty thousand copies, before the public mind was turned to other scenes.

And you may be sure, that, when the public mind had gone over the Long Bridge into Virginia, Mr. Prang was ready with another map, and that, during the four years which followed, it was not his fault if the people did not perfectly comprehend the various seats of war. One of his maps, drawn so that each person could mark for himself the changing positions of the two armies, was in such demand, that he had six presses running upon it night and day, for several weeks, and sold hundreds of thousands of copies. When maps flagged, he started those card-portraits of popular generals, of which millions were sold, at ten cents each, chiefly to the army. Then followed sheets of heads, — fifty heads upon one large card, — which had considerable success.

In this way was accumulated the capital upon which Mr. Prang's present business of chromo-lithography was founded. He began with those extremely pretty cards which enliven young ladies' albums. He invited a lady of Boston, noted for her skill and taste in painting flowers and fruit, to paint for him twelve wild-flowers from Nature, each on a card of the usual album size. These he lithographed in colors, and followed them with sets of mosses, butterflies, birds, roses, autumn leaves, fruit, dogs, landscapes, and many others. All of these were painted from Nature, and reproduced with great fidelity. Some of them are exceedingly popular with the possessors of albums; one set of twelve beautiful roses, having already reached a sale of fifty thousand sets. And so, by successive steps, this able man arrived at the production of full chromo-lithographs. His first attempts were failures. A set of four Cuban scenes, the first of the Prang chromos, which were sold together in a paper portfolio, did not strike the public favorably: there was nothing to hang up in the parlor. Mr. Prang next tried a pair of landscapes, which also failed to lure five-dollar bills from the passers-by. His third attempt was Tait's Group of Chickens, and this was an immediate, great, and permanent success. This encouraged him to persevere, until now his list of full chromos embraces forty subjects; and he has been able to build the first factory that was ever erected for a lithographic business in any part of the world. With seventy men and forty presses, he is only just able to supply the demand. It would now be hard to find a house or school-room in which there is not somewhere a bit of brilliancy executed at this establishment.

In order to value aright the advantage it is to the public to be able to buy a truly beautiful little picture, correct in drawing and natural in color, for the price of a pair of slippers, it is necessary for us to know what pictures these chromos displace. It is not true that they lessen the demand for excellent original works. The ostentation of the rich in this kind of luxury ministers to the pleasure of the rest of mankind, just as the pride of a class pays for the opera, which the poor can enjoy for next to nothing in the gallery. The reason why I, in this city of New York, own a fine park of eight hundred acres, is because sundry rich men felt the need of a more convenient place for displaying their equipages on fine afternoons. We may rely upon it, that the persons who now buy expensive works will continue so to do, and that these chromos will enhance, rather than diminish, the value of originals, because the possession of an original will confer more distinction when every one has copies; and it is distinction which the foolish part of our race desires. Nor is it a slight advantage to an artist to have in his works two kinds of property, instead of one; the power to sell them, and the power to sell the

privilege of multiplying copies of them. Neither art, literature, nor science will have fair play in this world, until one success, strictly first-rate, will confer upon the producer of the work a competent estate; or, in other words, until every one who acquires property in a production of art, literature, or science, will pay a just compensation to the producer. Before many years have passed, we shall see artists mounted on horseback, riding in my Central Park, who would have gone on foot all their days but for the reproduction of their works by chromo-lithography. Copyright will pay for the oats.

But there is one class of picture-dealers and picture-makers whom this beautiful process of chromo-lithography will seriously injure. I mean those who make and sell the landscapes which are offered at the New-York ferries for five dollars a pair, gilt frames and all; also those who sell at auction "splendid oil paintings collected in Italy by a well-known connoisseur recently deceased." Some of these fine works, I am informed by one who has done them (a German artist, whom poverty, and ignorance of the English language, compelled for a few months to misuse his brush in this way), are executed a dozen at a time, and are paid for by the dozen. Twelve canvases are set up in a large garret-room. The painter, with paint-pot in one hand, and brush in the other, goes his rounds; first putting in all the skies; next, perhaps, all the grass; then his trees; and finally dots in a few cows, sheep, children, and ladies. A good hand can execute a very superior dozen in a week, for which, in these dear times, he may get as much as twenty dollars. Before the war, the established price for a good article of an oil painting was twelve dollars a dozen; and find your own paint.

The principal manufactory in the United States of this description of ware is in a certain broad and noisy street of a city that need not be named. It is styled by its proprietor "The American Art Gallery for the Encouragement of Art and Young Artists;" but, among the unhappy young men who earn a sorry livelihood by plying the brush therein, the establishment is called "The Slaughter-House;" and its master, "The butcher." This man of blood was once an auctioneer in a street that has little in common with the illustrious orator and statesman whose name it bears, wherein persons in needy circumstances can either sell superfluous or buy indispensable garments. It is now his boast that he is the "greatest patron of the fine arts in America," and his ways of patronizing art are various. He will have pictures painted by a young artist whose necessities are urgent, which he will keep as part of his stock in trade. In a room partitioned off from "The American Art Gallery" just mentioned, he has a number of "hands" multiplying copies of these pictures as fast as the brush can dab on the paint. These "hands," to whom he pays weekly wages which average less than the wages of laborers, acquire by incessant practice a dexterity in making the copies that is truly remarkable. Besides these, he has outdoor hands, who, like journeyman tailors, take their work home, and do it by the piece. The pictures are offered for sale in the gallery; but, as they accumulate rapidly, the proprietor holds an auction every few weeks, either of the old masters or of great living artists. These auctions take place, by turns, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. The Californians, my German artist says, are liberal patrons of "The American Art Gallery for the Encouragement of Art and Young Artists;" the sales in San Francisco being both frequent and profitable. Even to Australia, on the other side of the globe, consignments of these precious works are sent from the gallery in the nameless city. The pictures offered at the auction-sales are frequently advertised and declared to be "original oil paintings, by native artists, from the American Gallery for the Encouragement of Art and Young Artists." The frame is, of course, an item of the first importance in this kind of picture. The "butcher" manufactures his own frames, and he takes care that they shall be splendid. This is, probably, the secret of his success; for what is there dearer to the heart of man and woman than a gorgeous parlor? This amiable passion burns in the breast

of every true American; and it is this which creates the demand for splendid gilt frames, with something in them that looks a little like a picture.

I will copy, for the reader's more complete information, a few sentences from a letter lying before me, which describes some of the modes in which art is encouraged at this American Gallery:—

"The proprietor never fails to impress upon a young artist who goes to him to sell pictures, or get employment, the advantages to be derived from studying with him, and his generosity in founding a place for their encouragement and assistance, and in furnishing them canvas, a nice studio, easels, and other things, and then paying them while they are improving themselves. They are required to furnish their own paints; but as they all use house-paint, and buy it in pound pots, that does not form a very heavy item of expense. When I first went to him in 1863, I preferred working by the piece, and generally made about fifteen dollars a week. . . . I received for a picture twenty-six inches by thirty-six, four dollars; for one about twelve by sixteen, one dollar and a half. For Cole's *Voyages of Life*, size twenty-four by thirty (one set was sent with every collection), we received two dollars. The next time I went to him, he would not employ me except by the week, and gave me twelve dollars, which he said was more than he was in the habit of paying. When working by the piece, the most money was to be made on what he calls his crystal medallions,—small ovals pasted on the under side of convex glasses, for which we were paid from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter, according to size. It is a trick of this old fellow, when a person bring in a picture for sale, to tell him to leave it, and, when he has time, he will look at it, and pay whatever it is worth. If the owner does so, and the picture is of any value, he sends it immediately to the paint-room, and has one or more copies made of it. When the owner calls, he will offer him two or three dollars for it; and, if he is not satisfied, he can take it away, for the copies answer the purpose just as well as the original."

These are the pictures which chromos are displacing. Such are the dealers whom their popularity is likely to drive to more honest or less hurtful employments. When I hear critics lamenting the prevalence of these truly beautiful products of chemistry and art, and declaring that they corrupt the taste of the people, I think of "The American Gallery for the Encouragement of Art and Young Artists," and smile serene.

It is possible to overvalue the educating influence even of excellent pictures. In strengthening or informing the intellect, they are of no more use than mothers' kisses, or the smiling loveliness of a flower-garden; and, truly, a man may spend his life among pictures, and fill books with eloquent discourse about them, and yet remain a poor, short-sighted re-actionist, filled with insolent contempt of his species, whom he does his best to mislead. But we can say of good pictures, that they are a source of innocent and refined pleasure; and that is enough to justify their existence. I think, therefore, that this new art, which enables me and other laborers to buy for five dollars all that we can enjoy of a thousand-dollar picture, is one that deserves the encouragement it is receiving; and I cannot but regard it as a kind of national blessing, that the business of supplying us with these productions has fallen to the lot of so honest, painstaking, and tasteful a person as Louis Prang.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS.

We join with "The Suffolk County Journal," apropos of a notice of Prang's "Sunset," from Bierstadt, in saying of Mr. Prang, "He is doing a good work for American taste, and deserves the best wishes for his prosperity in it. We hear the strongest commendation of his chromos from appreciative lovers of art. A lady who has visited all the galleries of Europe, has herself written much upon art, and is recognized as authority upon its works, gives it to us as her judgment that Prang's chromo of Correggio's *Magdalene* gives a truer idea of the original than almost any copy in oils that she has ever seen."—*Commonwealth*.

OUR LATEST CHROMOS.

We subjoin a brief description of "The Crown of New England," "Harvest," "The Doctor," and Bricher's "Spring" and "Autumn," as they have been published since the last issue of "The Chromo."

THE CROWN OF NEW ENGLAND.

(Mount Washington.)

This is one of the most famous landscape paintings of modern American art. It was produced by George L. Brown, one of the greatest of living painters of Italian scenery, on his return from Europe in 1860; and it was only the second American subject that had come from his easel for a quarter of a century. The first of these American paintings was "The Bay of New York," which was purchased by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and other eminent citizens of the metropolis, and presented to the Prince of Wales on his visit to the United States. "The Crown of New England" was painted as a companion picture to it. His Royal Highness was so delighted with his gift, that he purchased "The Crown of New England" for £1,000 sterling; and both of these fine productions now adorn the foyal galleries of our mother-country.

Last year, Mr. Brown made duplicates of both of these paintings, which have been exhibited in Boston.

We subjoin an extract from the art criticism of "The Boston Commonwealth," called out by the original painting. We have no notices of the chromo, for the reason that it is just preparing for the trade as we send this number of our journal to press.

Mr. Brown, however, is satisfied with it as a faithful reproduction of his work. We may add that it has cost us a great deal of thought and expense to issue this chromo. It is the most elaborate of all our publications so far, and owing to Mr. Brown's peculiarities of style, which are most difficult to reproduce, it took nearly six months to prepare the twenty-eight plates employed.

"The Commonwealth" said,—

"Mr. George L. Brown has on exhibition at Childs & Co.'s "The Crown of New England," a duplicate of the now celebrated painting that was purchased by the Prince of Wales as a companion piece to the "Bay of New York," presented to him by a number of gentlemen of that city on his visit to this country. It was sold to the prince for one thousand pounds sterling, and is now probably adorning the walls of Windsor Palace.

"This duplicate shows a decided increase of power since the original painting was made. It is far superior to the prince's picture, both as regards tone, color, and *chiaroscuro*; and in our judgment it is the artist's *chef d'œuvre*.

"It is a view of Mounts Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, at early morning, late in October, and after the first fall of snow. Nature in the valley is clad in all the gorgeous glow of its autumnal robes. Mount Washington is seen capped with snow; while the sides of the mountains to the right are wrapped in the deep cool shades of night, just as the first rays of sunshine begin to penetrate them.

"What impresses the spectator in this beautiful and masterly production is the brilliancy of its coloring, the breadth of its light and shade, the careful study of details as exhibited in the modelling of the mountains, and the glow and transparency of the sky,—a specialty in which Mr. Brown pre-eminently excels. The luminosity and atmospheric depth of his skies, indeed,

remind one of Claude and Turner. Mr. Brown is acknowledged to be one of the ablest disciples of the great English painter, although he was the favorite pupil of Eugene Isabey, the celebrated marine artist of France.

"The illuminated atmosphere, bathed in the rays of the warm morning sun, and which gradually loses itself in the cool mists and vapors of the morning shadows until it is merged in the darkness of the ravines, is one of the most striking effects and successes that we have ever witnessed in the works of our American landscape painters. It shows that Mr. Brown has fully fulfilled the prophecy of Washington Allston, written twenty years ago, when he said, that, if the young painter had the privilege of studying in Europe, he would rise to the very first rank of American landscape painters.

"The Crown of New England" will repay the closest study. We have seen it in different stages of its progress during the past year (for it has been on the easel an entire year), and we have never failed to discover new beauties in it, or to wonder at the conscientious fidelity which the artist has carried into the minutest details of the painting. We trust that this charming masterpiece will not be suffered to leave our city."

HARVEST.

This is a view, taken at North Conway in the White Mountains, from the easel of B. B. G. Stone of Catskill, N.Y. It is one of those cheerful bits of landscape which seem to touch a chord in every heart by their quiet, home-like beauty, and the pleasant memories they invoke. A mountain in the background; a field of gathered sheaves of corn, with unpicked pumpkins lying on the ground; a cottage; a woodshed; and a cluster of trees clad in the gorgeous foliage of autumn,—such are the simple elements of one of the prettiest pictures on our list, and one of the most popular landscape pieces that we have hitherto published.

THE DOCTOR

Is a *genre* painting by Mr. Henry Bacon, a Boston artist, who has been studying in Paris for several years past. It represents a little boy feeding a sick pet cat with a large wooden spoon. He is sitting on the ground in front of a barrel, which is doing service as a kennel, and from which the head of a dog peers out. The subject is finely treated; the drawing and coloring are both good; and the contrast of expressions—the dejected look of the cat, the anxious aspect of the young doctor, and the wide-awake face of the dog—is admirably managed.

"SPRING" AND "AUTUMN."

These are two companion pictures after A. T. Bricher, while "Esopus Creek," and "Autumn in the White Mountains" have been so popular as reproduced in chromo by Mr. Prang.

Spring is made real to us by a group of trees in early foliage (the fruit-trees being full of fragrant blossoms), by a distant view of the warm blue sea, by a quiet homestead, and a rich green lawn, where young children are picking sweet flowers, and near which a stream of pellucid water runs, in whose depths the adjacent grove is vividly mirrored.

Autumnal views are this artist's specialty; and this picture of "Autumn" is one of his best efforts. In the distance, mountains hidden in hazy mist; in the foreground, trees, a lake, a man in a canoe, and girls a-berrying: yet these simple and familiar subjects make quite a charming picture, characteristic alike of the season and the painter.

TO BUYERS.

PRANG'S American Chromos, Half-Chromos, Illuminated Sunday-schoolroom Cards, Illuminated Day-school Cards, Illuminated Scripture Texts, Albums, Album Pictures, Gifts for Ladies, Gifts for Young Folks, Marriage Certificates, Crayon Pictures, Design-Books, Tables, and Miscellaneous Publications, may be ordered through any art-dealer or bookseller in the United States, the Dominion of Canada, or directly from us. Nearly all respectable art-stores in the United States keep our chromos and other publications constantly on hand,

Goods purchased from us direct, at the retail price, will be forwarded at our own risk and expense to any part of the United States east of the Mississippi River or to the boundary of the Dominion of Canada. Beyond that, an allowance will be made for part only of the expressage to be paid by the customer.

All orders addressed to L. Prang & Co., Boston, must be accompanied by the cash, in order to receive attention. Money sent by mail will be at the risk of the sender. The safest way to send money is by a post-office order, and such an order should be got whenever it is possible to do so. Write distinctly the name of your post-office town, county, and State.

FRAMES. — We do not make frames for our chromos; but we can furnish them, when ordered, at a slight advance over first cost.

All express charges in such cases must be paid by the persons ordering.

PRANG'S CHROMO JOURNAL.

No. 1 (for January, 1868) contains, in addition to a complete catalogue of our chromos and illuminated publications up to that date, an article from "The Boston Daily Advertiser," describing how chromos are made, by James Redpath; letters from James Par-ton, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Longfellow, Church the painter, Whittier, and Bayard Taylor; "Hints on Framing," by Louis Prang; and two essays on chromo-lithography in America, by Charles Godfrey Leland.

No. 2 (for April, 1868) contains an article entitled "Illustrations of Progress," by Lydia Maria Child; "Controversy with an Art-Critic" (between Clarence Cook and Louis Prang); short papers, — "Decorate your Schools," "A Hint to Teachers," "Moral Influence of Art," and "A Word on Chromos," — by various writers; Editorial Notes; "Boston Art-Notes," from "The Daily Advertiser," and letters on Prang's Chromos, by Whittier, Wendell Phillips, George L. Brown (the artist), Mary L. Booth, Lydia Maria Child, Edward Everett Hale, T. W. Higginson, J. T. Trowbridge, George Wm. Curtis, E. Stuart Phelps, Louisa M. Alcott, Lucy Larcom, Harriet E. Spofford, Grace Greenwood, Alice Carey, "Berwick" (James Redpath), W. D. Howells, T. B. Aldrich, and Charles Dawson Stanley.

No. 3 (for September, 1868) contains letters eulogizing Mr. Prang's publications, from Mr. Godey (editor of "The Lady's Book"), the author of "Emily Chester" (Anna M. Crane), Caroline Chesebro, W. S. Robinson ("Warrington"), Louise Chandler Moulton, Gen. Sidell, Charles C. Hazewell (editor "Boston Traveller"), J. H. A. Bone (editor "Cleveland Herald"), Edmund Clarence Steadman, &c. It has also two letters by Louis Prang, addressed to "The Philadelphia Bulletin" and "The Buffalo Courier," in which the theories of certain art-critics are examined and refuted.

No. 4 (for Christmas, 1868) contains cuts and descriptions of twenty-nine of our chromos; an engraving and account of "OUR NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE," "Pictures for the Home," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; letters from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, F. E. Church, Eastman Johnson, John G. Whittier, William D. O'Connor, and Miss Anna E. Dickinson.

A copy of any of these numbers will be mailed to any address on receipt of a postage stamp. Address L. Prang & Co., chromo-publishers, Boston.

THE 'BAREFOOT BOY.'

Verses suggested by Prang's Chromo of Whittier's
"Barefoot Boy."

There hangs on the wall before me,
Where the sunshine loves to dwell,
A picture, a sweet little picture,
That holds me in a spell, —
A boy with sun-browned features,
All dimpled in childish joy;
And I gaze, through the tears that blind me,
On this little "Barefoot Boy."

The eyes are full of brightness,
And the cheeks so rosy red,
That it hardly seems a picture,
But a living child instead, —
A child, with his brown hands hidden
In the pockets where lurks each toy
Which I know brought childish pleasure
To this little "Barefoot Boy."

And I think, while my tears are dropping
Like rain on my open book,
Of my little barefooted darling
That the summoning angels took;
And I sigh for the vanished brightness,
As I see each unused toy
That once belonged to my darling,
To my little "Barefoot Boy."

And I think of one sad June evening,
When the mournful robins sang,
And up from the gathering shadows
The cry of the whippoorwill rang;
And I think of the gloomy shadow
That fell on life's brightest joy,
When the angels came in the twilight
For my little "Barefoot Boy."

I see by some shadowless hearthstones
And children at merry play;
And I think of my life's broad shadow,
And I weep, and turn away;
And I look at my little picture,
And the face so bright with joy,
And think that a sinless angel
Was once my "Barefoot Boy."

S. V. STORM.

A VOICE FROM EUROPE.

ART-CRITICS of the "severe" school, people who desire to say something, but who do not know what to say, and even, sometimes, good-natured friends who want to flatter us, have often chagrined us with the remark, that if we behave well, and continue to try with all our might, we may, perhaps, succeed in coming up to the standard of European chromos in the course of time. We have all along had the conviction that such a remark is far from being a flattery and — what is more — a truth. Our reproductions of oil-paintings are as good and better than any thing produced in Europe; and we are glad to be able to put upon the witness-stand the opinions of European judges, which fully uphold our conviction. The "Kunst-Chronik" of Dec. 18, 1868, the leading art-journal in Germany, published by Prof. Dr. Carl von Lützow, a man of authority in art-matters, has the following, under the heading

AMERICAN CHROMOS.

"The Chromos before us were published by L. Prang & Co., of Boston, which firm introduced chromo-lithography into America, and have lately so elaborated the process, by means of new technical appliances, that their productions are able to take rank with the best of German productions, and, indeed, surpass these in delicacy and transparency of tone. The best of the specimens known to us are, "Early Autumn on Esopus Creek," after Bricher, a Boston artist; "The Barefoot Boy," after Eastman Johnson, the

foremost of American genre painters and "The Poultry-Yard" after Lemmens. . . . Their technical execution is excellent in every respect. The "Autumn" and "The Barefoot," especially, have reached the limit of possibility as regards delicacy of treatment and transparency of color. Their excellences, which recur in all the specimens, and explain the cause of their great success, are these: the employment of a multiplicity of stones for each shade of color; fine, carefully-prepared pigments (one of the main things in chromo-lithography); a very clever imitation of the canvas, reproducing the marks of the brush; and a style of mounting which is both practical and durable."

NOTES FROM EMINENT PERSONS.

We take the liberty of publishing the following letters, in order that the public may see what people who have an interest in the fine arts candidly think of our chromos.

Hon. CHARLES SUMNER writes of our chromo, "Sunset," "The 'Bierstadt,' as it hangs on the wall among oil pictures, has been more than once taken for an oil picture. It was not easily believed that it was a copy in chromo. I confess my gratitude to your beautiful art, and wish you increasing success."

Miss MARY L. BOOTH, the editress of "Harper's Bazaar," writes of our chromo, "The Boyhood of Lincoln," "I am truly delighted at being able to possess a fac simile of Eastman Johnson's admirable picture, which I longed to own when first I saw it on exhibition. I am confident that this chromo will be a great success: the subject is one that appeals to the heart of the country, and the execution leaves nothing to be desired."

Hon. M. M. JACKSON, United-States Consul at Halifax, writes, —

"The 'Unconscious Sleeper' and 'The Sunset' are admirable specimens of American art, and have been pronounced by competent judges as unsurpassed in artistic skill and beauty."

FANNY FERN writes of our chromos, "If the pleasures your lovely chromos give me were coined into money, what a rich man you would be to-day! I stop at all the shop-windows, and in all the rooms and galleries, where they are to be found, and at each visit have a new sense of their beauty, and of your mission to beautify our homes."

"They hang upon the walls of the room where I write, and rest me in the pauses, as I sit with the pen between my fingers."

RUTH MOZA, the art-critic of "The New-York Citizen," writes, "I am just in receipt of your kind letter and accompanying testimonial, the three chromos; for which please accept my thanks. My notices are a sincere expression of my admiration, and desire to vindicate American arts. Our New-York artists agree with me in my estimation of your publications, that they are decidedly the best we have; and they prefer to have their pictures in your hands rather than in the older firms of Europe, who, qualified to produce good work, are apt to slur our American pictures."

WILLIAM HUMPHREY writes, "Of your chromos I can only say that they are as nearly equal to the originals as they can be in artistic merit; and that, believing as I do that much of the value of the originals is derivable from their being unique, single of their kind, and therefore necessarily the object of desire and of competition, your copies (being in themselves a real good) are, in their wide distribution, no less ministrants to happiness and cultivation of taste in the masses than are the originals themselves."

We give a few extracts from a letter written by Frederick Douglass, to a friend of his who is connected with our establishment, "With only the delightful impression derived from occasional glances at his pictures to guide me, I easily concur in the general opinion of the beneficent mission of Mr. Prang. The treasures of genius, so refining and elevating, heretofore only in the possession of the wealthy classes; he is bountifully placing within easy reach of the millions; and, as one of the millions, I cannot but hail him as a benefactor.

"His chromo-lithographs that I have seen are all of a highly humanizing tendency. They strike and charm upon the instant; and, like all things of real excellence and beauty, are a joy forever."

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

Our limited space will only permit us to make a few brief extracts from the many hundred notices we have received from journals in every part of the United States.

MR. PRANG still continues his mission of elevating the tastes of the people in the field of art; and we are glad to see that the public is manifesting a liberal appreciation of the zeal with which he has devoted himself to it, and the fine taste and practical merit which he has evinced.

The large increase of his business of late, and the consequent need of more room, has rendered it necessary for him to construct a new building; and this fact is no less creditable to himself than to the people at large; for it demonstrates decisively that the tastes of the masses have always been higher than the capacities of their purses. Whatever cavillers may say (and some of their sayings are undoubtedly true), the substitution of good chromos for the red, blue, and black caricatures, the vile daubs, and cheap prints, which have hitherto made most parlors a travesty on art, cannot but be considered a great step in advance, and a bright promise for the future.

We have had the opportunity, recently, of making a careful comparison; and we believe Mr. PRANG's principal chromos to be fully equal to the best imported specimens of European art, at least in finish and carefulness of treatment. — *Eclectic Magazine*.

The pictures which the poor have hitherto hung on their walls have been the gaudy-colored monstrosities that shocked good sense, and destroyed good taste. Even families well to do in life could not incur the expense of a really fine picture. From \$100 to \$500 for a landscape was more than could be afforded from the imperative demands of physical want. But it is not so now. Thanks to the introduction of chromo-lithography, and its enthusiastic pursuit by Mr. PRANG of Boston, we may now have in any of our parlors, for ten dollars, a copy of the Reading Madonna or of a hundred other works of art; and copies, too, that can scarcely be detected from the original. Whatever improves the mind or cultivates a love for the beautiful tends for the advancement of our race towards its ideal perfection. The Barefoot Boy, or the Magdalen, or the Easter Flowers, or any one of the numerous chromo-lithographs that we see spoken of in the papers as having emanated from this house, are missionaries sent out to inculcate the principles of love, and to refine and elevate the nation. It was Lord Brougham who said that the world does not know how much it owes to plaster-image makers for cheapening the forms of beautiful sculpture. The world does not know how much it owes PRANG for making common to all the beautiful pictures that hitherto the rich only have enjoyed. — *Flake's Bulletin*.

PRANG, in his efforts to bring art within the reach of the people, is doing a quiet but important work. His chromos are some of them of such high character, that only the most skilful eye can distinguish them from originals. Take, for example, Bierstadt's "Sunset in California." Side by side with the original, an amateur would be as likely to choose the chromo as the painting. Another superior picture, and that of

New-England scenery, is "Sunlight in Winter." It would take a "Westerner" back to the place of his Yankee origin to look upon it. The artist has brought sleighing, coasting, and skating all into his sketch; while the light and shadow are very true to the reality. — *Advance (Chicago)*.

EASTMAN JOHNSON'S genre pictures are too well known to need special commendation. He is happy in the choice and skilful in the rendering of his subjects. "The Boyhood of Lincoln" has his effective characteristic, and tells at a glance the whole of a suggestive story. L. PRANG & Co. have shown good judgment in selecting this painting for one of their chromos. The circulation of the popular copies will be a lesson to American youth, taught by the contrast between the boy studying by the cabin-fire and the man at the head of the nation in the White House. — *Transcript*.

"Horses in a Storm" is the title of another full chromo recently issued by PRANG & Co., and for sale by all art-dealers. It is after the original by R. Adams, a Dusseldorf artist of celebrity, and is a spirited production, admirably reproduced in the chromo. In drawing, it is faultless, and in coloring artistic; and the storm in the middle distance, the frightened animals in the foreground, and the peaceful city in the extreme distance, are worked up with a master-hand. It is a picture possessed of all the elements of popularity, and will command a wide sale. — *Boston Traveller*.

Morvillier's "Snow Scene" is probably the finest work of art and execution which has proceeded from any chromo bureau. It is a winter sunset, with a winding road over a bridge and pond, a sleigh, skaters, and a farm-house near. The coloring is exquisite. Morvillier was the best snow-painter in America, and this is one of his best works perfectly reproduced. It is as good as iced lemonade for the heated term. No parlor should be without this masterpiece. — *Zion's Herald*.

It is seldom that you can catch, and confine to canvas, perfectly, the idea of the poet, and present to the eye the same picture with which the author filled the mind. Eastman Johnson has succeeded admirably in accomplishing this with Whittier's "Barefoot Boy;" and Mr. PRANG's artists have reproduced it in a most charming little rustic picture, executed in the best style of the chromo-lithographic art. — *Commercial Bulletin*.

PRANG & Co. have issued a beautiful chromo representing a sunset-scene in California, after Bierstadt's picture. It is marked by that beauty of coloring and truthfulness to the original, which mark all of Mr. PRANG's pictures, and will be ranked by good judges as among his most successful efforts. It will make a handsome ornament for the parlor or drawing-room. — *Boston Journal*.

A BEAUTIFUL CHROMO.—One of the finest chroma lithographs produced on this side of the water is entitled "The Unconscious Sleeper," issued by L. PRANG & Co. of Boston. It makes a very tasteful decoration for a nursery or dining-room. Messrs. PRANG & Co. still keep the lead, which they took from the start, in the number and success of their popular chromos. — *Home Journal*.

One of the latest and finest of PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS is "California Sunset," after A. Bierstadt. It is vivid in coloring; and mountains, lakes, and clouds glow with golden hues. As a landscape, it shows marked progress in the style of pictorial printing, while it has the added value of representing a rich example of the grandest scenery of this continent. — *Transcript*.

The "Reading Magdalen," after Correggio, drew forth a note from Church, the great painter, in which he said that PRANG'S Chromos were "certainly most skilfully and artistically executed," and that the "grading and tone of the flesh-tints of the 'Magdalena' struck him as being remarkable." — *Wide World*.

Of PRANG'S recent publications, the most artistically finished is a sunset-scene after Bierstadt. . . . The chromo is a faithful reflex of the original, and would adorn the walls of the most elegant mansion. As a work of art, we look upon it as the best of the many good pictures issued by this house. — *Boston Traveller*.

His pictures are nearly perfect; if not perfect, copies of works by the best artists. Every home should possess one or more of these, and the more the better. Instead of wasting money on cheap engravings, let every one save his money, and invest it in a chromo that shall indeed "be a joy forever." — *Gardiner Home Journal*.

The imitative art can go no further than in these beautiful imitations of fine paintings. None but a connoisseur could pronounce them other than the productions of the brush. . . . To those who cannot afford to purchase paintings, here is a chance to ornament their rooms at a very reasonable rate. — *Godey's Lady's Book*.

We have before us specimens of Scripture mottoes in chromo, from PRANG & Co., Boston. They are beautifully-finished works of art, as are all the publications of that house, and quite worthy of a place in every family. For mural ornaments, school-rooms, Sunday, or common, they are superior to any thing else we have seen. — *Ch. Advocate, N. Y.*

What revealers of beauty, what creators of joy, what apostles of art, are PRANG'S chromos! So we felt when we gazed on the "Early Autumn," the "Strawberries," the "Cherries," and "Easter Morning"—four chromos so different, and yet so united. — *Watchman & Reflector*.

We have been made the recipient of a beautiful chromo illustrative of Whittier's lines of the "Barefoot Boy." It is no less a success of the artist than the poem upon which it is founded is of the author. — *Philadelphia Press*.

It is really astonishing to see with what scrupulous nicety the finest oil-paintings can be reproduced by this process. These pictures make most beautiful household ornaments, and at a comparatively small outlay. — *Corydon Democrat*.

One of the latest and finest of PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS is the "California Sunset," after Bierstadt. It is vivid in coloring; and mountains, lakes, and clouds glow with golden hues. — *Boston Commonwealth*.

Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," by PRANG, from a painting by Eastman Johnson, costs only five dollars; and both poet and artist say it is "every way satisfactory." It is a sweet picture. — *N. O. Picayune*.

Morvillier's "Sunlight in Winter" is probably the finest work of art and execution which has ever proceeded from any chromo bureau. No parlor should be without this masterpiece. — *Zion's Herald*.

One of the latest of the issues of L. PRANG & Co. is their "Easter Morning," from a painting by Mrs. James Hart. It is the most beautiful picture they have published. — *Northern Christian Advocate*.

PRANG & Co. are rapidly making their name a household word in every portion of the country by the artistic excellence of their exquisite chromos. — *Boston Monitor*.

The most beautiful chromo of American execution which we have yet seen is a large picture entitled "Easter Morning." — *Church Journal*.

Miss Booth, the celebrated translator, says of "The Cherries" (after Granberry), it is "the best fruit chromo I have seen." — *Traveller*.

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ALBUM INSERTION-CARDS.

1. To insert in first page of photographic album, each \$0 10
2. To insert in last page of photographic album, " 0 10

ALBUM CONGRATULATION CARDS.

1. Birthday Cards,
2. Wedding " }
3. Christmas " } Each \$0 10
4. New-Year's "

ALBUM FRIENDSHIP-CARDS.

1. With verses and blank for name,
2. With blanks for photograph and for name, }

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS, IN BOXES.

50 Cards of Language of Flowers, in an elegant box. Per box, \$3 00

MISCELLANEOUS CARD-PUBLICATIONS.

1. Magic Cards, 2 different sets, 12 in a set. A set, \$0 25
2. Robus Cards, illuminated, 12 cards in a set. " 0 25
3. Card Portraits, executed in line-engraving; over 100 different portraits of men and women of American history. Each, 0 05

CARD PUBLICATIONS FOR SCHOOLS.

Picture Cards for Sunday Schools, in colors, 12 cards in a set.

1. Pilgrim's Progress, 3 sets,
2. Children of the Bible,
3. Poor Richard's Maxims, 2 sets,
4. Ten Commandments,
5. Life of Joseph,

Same, Tinted Ground and One Color.

1. Children of the Bible, A set \$0 25
2. Ten Commandments, " 0 25
3. Life of Joseph, " 0 25

Same, in Black.

1. Children of the Bible, " 0 15
2. Ten Commandments, " 0 15
3. Life of Joseph, " 0 15

The Lord's Prayer.

- Twelve Cards, in envelope, " 0 25
- The same, in extens. book form, Each 0 25

ILLUMINATED SCRIPTURE TEXTS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

1. Scripture Texts, gold with col'd pictures, 10 cards A set, \$0 30
2. " " old church style 12 " 0 40
3. " " modern church style, 12 " 0 30
4. " " " " 12 " 0 25
5. " " " " " b'k, 25 " 0 30
6. " " " " " 12 " 0 40
7. Sunday-school Gems, 6 large cards, 0 40
8. Infant-school Cards, 2 sets, 10 cards in each set, 0 20
9. Bible Alphabet, in black, 25 cards, 0 20
10. " " gold, 25 " 0 25
11. Psalms of David, 10 different psalms on 10 cards, 0 20
12. " " " " " 10 " 0 15
13. Ten Commandments, md. church style, 12 cards, 0 25
14. " " in verses, 10 cards, 0 20
15. " " " " " 10 " 0 15
16. S. School Treasures, 2 sets, 10 cards in a set, 0 20
17. Premium Cards—The Beatitudes—6 large cards, 0 50
18. Premium Scripture Texts, 2 sets, 6 large cards in each set, 0 50
19. Scripture Texts, quite new, 12 cards, 0 30
20. " " " " " 8 " 0 30
21. Attributes of Christ, 12 cards, 0 30
22. Scripture Texts, quite new, 12 cards, 0 30

REWARDS OF MERIT FOR DAY SCHOOLS.

1. Gold borders, col'd picture, space for teacher's and scholar's name, 10 in a set, \$0 30
2. Gold and one color, similar to No. 1, 10 in a set, 0 20
3. Printed in one color, 10 " 0 10
4. Motto Rewards, blanks for names, 10 " 0 15
5. " " no blanks, 10 " 0 15
6. Ornamental Picture Rewards, blanks, 10 " 0 10
7. " " " no blanks, 10 " 0 10
8. Same design as 1, cheap edition, 10 " 0 20
9. " 2, " 10 " 0 10
10. " 3, " 10 " 0 07
11. " 4, " 10 " 0 10
12. " 5, " 10 " 0 10
13. " 6, " 10 " 0 07
14. " 7, " 10 " 0 07

ILLUMINATED BOOK-MARKS.

- No. 1 to 6, Bible Texts, 6 different sets, 3 in a set, 0 50
- No. 7, Poets—Browning, Shakespeare, Longfellow, 0 50
- No. 8, " Bryant, Shakespeare, Tennyson, 0 50
- No. 9 to 12, Flower Book-marks, 4 different sets, 0 50

CERTIFICATES.

Sunday-School Membership Certificates.

1. Printed in 3 colors, per dozen, \$1 20
2. " 1 color, " 0 50
3. " black, " 0 30

Marriage Certificates.

1. To receive photographs; gold and tint, 11x14 \$0 50
2. Printed in colors and gold, 11x9 0 30
3. Ornamental design, in black, 11x13 0 20
4. " " " " 6x10 0 10
5. " " " " on paper, 11x13 0 08
6. " " " " 6x9 0 05
7. In black, on note paper, with envelope, 11x14 0 10
8. Similar to No. 1, newest publication, 11x14 0 75

ILLUMINATED MOTTO-CARDS.

Sunday-School Room Cards.

- God is Love, 6x20 \$0 50
- Glory to God, " 0 50
- Stand up for Jesus, " 0 50
- Love one another, " 0 50
- Walk in Love, " 0 50
- Seek Me Early, " 0 50
- Trust in God, " 0 50
- I am the Good Shepherd, " 0 50
- Thy Will be Done, " 0 50
- Remember thy Creator, " 0 50
- Rejoice in the Lord, " 0 50
- Watch and Pray, " 0 50
- A charge to keep I have, " 0 50
- Onward and Upward, " 0 50
- Love is the Fulfilling of the Law, " 0 50
- No Cross, no Crown, " 0 50
- The Lord will Provide, 7x21 0 65
- With God all Things are possible, " 0 65
- Have Faith in God, 7 1/2x20 1/2 0 75
- Whatsoever He sayeth unto thee, do it, 11 1/2x15 1/2 0 75
- Be Faithful to the End, 11x13 1/2 0 75
- Faith, Hope, and Charity, " 0 75
- Do Right, and Fear Not, " 0 75
- If ye Love Me, keep My Commandments, 11 1/2x14 1/2 0 75
- The Eyes of the Lord are in every Place, 11x12 1/2 0 75
- Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God, 11 1/2x15 1/2 0 75
- Thou God seest me, 9 1/2x19 1 00
- Suffer Little Children to come unto me, 1 00
- The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not Want, 11x14 1 00
- God bless our School, 11x27 1 25
- God bless our Home, " 1 25
- God bless our Country, " 1 25
- God bless our Daily Bread, " 1 25
- God bless our Division, " 1 25
- God bless our Temple, " 1 25
- Touch Not—Taste Not—Handle Not, " 1 25
- The Eyes of the Lord are in every Place, 11x21 1 25
- Little Children Love one another, 31x27 2 00
- Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy, 31x27 2 00

MOURNING CARDS.

- Blessed are they that Mourn, for they shall be Comforted, 16x23 1 50

THE BEATITUDES.

After designs by Miss JENNIE LEE.

- Blessed are the Peacemakers, &c., 11x14 1 00
- Blessed are the Meek, &c., " 1 00
- Blessed are they which do Hunger, &c., " 1 00
- Blessed are the Poor, &c., " 1 00
- Blessed are the Merciful, &c., " 1 00
- Blessed are the Pure in Heart, &c., " 1 00
- Blessed are ye when Men, &c., " 1 00
- Blessed are they that Mourn, &c., " 1 00
- Blessed are they which are Persecuted, &c., " 1 00
- Rejoice and be exceeding glad, &c., " 1 00

These 10 cards, together with a title and a dedication plate, can also be had in an elegant portfolio. Price, \$12 00

DAY-SCHOOL-ROOM CARDS.

- Charles Dickens's Speech: Boys! Do all the good you can, and don't make any fuss about it, 11x14 \$0 75
- Speak the Truth, 11x27 1 25
- Do Right, " 1 25
- Lost Time is never Found again, " 1 25
- What I do, I will do well, " 1 25
- Well Begun is Half Done, " 1 25
- Where there is a Will, there is a Way, " 1 25
- With Malice toward None, with Charity for All, " 1 25

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS.

- For unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour, 11x27 \$1 25
- Merry Christmas, " 1 25
- Glory to God in the Highest, on Earth Peace, " 1 25
- Good-will towards Men, " 1 25
- Happy New-Year, 11x13 1/2 0 75
- Merry Christmas, " 0 75

ILLUMINATED CROSSES.

- Size of each Plate, 10 1/2x13, 1 00
- Flower Composition Cross, 0 75
- Old Church Style Cross (Motto—Glory to God), 0 75
- Modern Church Style Cross (Motto—God is Love), 0 50

ALPHABETS AND DESIGNS.

- Alphabet Books, containing Patterns of Alphabets, in great variety, colored and black, bound, 2 50
- Two Tables of Alphabets, in different styles and languages. Each, 0 20
- New Designs for Monuments, in six parts, paper covers. Each part, 1 50

Designs for Monuments and Headstones.

By R. E. LAUNITZ.

1. Loose plates, in paper cover, \$10 00
2. Substantially bound, half morocco, 15 00
- State Pictures, or Drawing School for Beginners. In 4 parts, 16 plates in a part, 0 15

JUVENILES AND TOY-BOOKS.

- Old Mother Hubbard, a new version by RUTH CHESTERFIELD, splendidly illum. 3 00
- Kinderlieder: German Religious Songs for Children, illustrated. Published by G. W. Seitz, Hamburg. Bound in paper, 1 00
- Christmas-Stocking Library. Extension books, profusely illustrated in oil colors. Each, 0 25

1. A Visit from St. Nicholas,
2. Old Dame Duck's Lecture,
3. Story of Hans the Swapper,
4. In the Forest,
5. Who Stole the Bird's Nest?
6. Farm-Yard Story.

The same set, put up in an elegant, strong box. A box, 2 00

Doll Series: Books in the shape of a Doll.

1. Little Red Riding-Hood,
2. Robinson Crusoe,
3. Goody Two-Shoes,
4. Cinderella,
5. King Winter. Each, \$0 25

CRAYON PICTURES.

- Our Hope, } Companion-pictures, after Miss Sawyer, printed on heavy plate paper, 22x28,
- Our Joy, }
1. On white ground, \$1 50
2. On tinted ground, 2 00
3. Additional tints in face and hair, 2 50

- George Washington. } Companion-pictures, after Stuart's paintings,
- Martha Washington. }
1. Full life. Size of plate, 21x27. The pair, \$4 00
2. Half " " " 19x24, 2 00

- Abraham Lincoln. After Wilson's painting.
1. 3/4-Life. Plate, 22x28. Proofs, \$2 00
2. " " " Cheap edition, 1 00

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

- Declaration of Independence, 10x14 0 25
- Flags of All Nations, 11x14 0 25
- Arms of All Nations, 11x14, " 0 25
- Arms of all the States in the U. S., " 0 25

Fortune-Telling Flowers.

1. For Ladies. Each, 0 50
2. For Gentlemen. Each, 0 50

Games.

1. Fortune-Telling, 0 25
2. Courtship, 0 25
3. Goblins, 0 25
4. Dissected Figures, 0 40
5. Snap, 0 75
6. The Revolutionary War, 0 75
7. Red Riding-Hood, 0 75

- Roses and Life. Allegorical poem in the shape of a rose, 0 25
- The Cherubs. Photo-lithographic copy of The Cherubs in Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto. Size, 11x16, 0 25

- American Views. Printed in black and tints. Size, 14x9 1/2. Each, 0 50
1. Catskill Lake and North Mountain.
2. Mountain House, from South Mountain.
3. Castle Rock, Nahant, Mass.
4. Phillips's Beach, Swampscott, Mass.
5. Steamboat and Railroad Depot, Newport, R.I.
6. Chaos at Nahant, Mass.

- The Poultry of the World. Portraits of 52 species of Poultry, tastefully arranged, with a Key, giving the names of each species represented.

1. On heavy plate paper, tinted ground, 2 00
2. On stout white paper, 1 00
3. On stout white paper, mounted and varnished, ready for hanging, 1 50

Prang's American Chromos.

Early Autumn on Esopus Creek, N.Y. (After A. T. BRICHER)	Size 9½ by 18½ inches	\$6.00
Late Autumn in the White Mountains. (After A. T. BRICHER)	" 9½ by 18½ "	8.00
Six American Landscapes. (After A. T. BRICHER)	" 4½ by 9 "	(Per set) 9.00
Strawberries and Baskets. (After Miss V. GRANBERY)	" 13 by 18 "	7.50
Cherries and Basket. (After Miss V. GRANBERY)	" 13 by 18 "	7.50
Flower Bouquet	" 13½ by 16½ "	6.00
Blackberries in Vase. (After LILLY M. SPENCER)	" 13½ by 16½ "	6.00
Fringed Gentian. (After H. R. NEWMAN)	" 6½ by 10½ "	6.00
Easter Morning. (After Mrs. JAMES M. HART)	" 14 by 21 "	10.00
Group of Chickens. (After TAIT)	" 10 by 12½ "	5.00
Group of Quails. (After TAIT)	" 10½ by 14 "	5.00
Group of Ducklings. (After TAIT)	" 10 by 12½ "	5.00
The Poultry Yard. (After LEMMENS)	" 10½ by 14 "	5.00
Poultry Life. { A } (After LEMMENS)	" 5½ by 7½ "	4.50
" { B } (Companions)	" 10½ by 17½ "	6.00
The Kid's Play-Ground. (After BRUITH)	" 12½ by 16½ "	10.00
Correggio's Magdalena	" 7 by 8½ "	5.00
Under the Apple-Tree. { (After G. E. NILES)	" 11 by 14 "	1.00
Rest by the Roadside. { (Companion pictures)	" 11 by 14 "	1.00
Autumn Leaves—Maple	" 10½ by 14½ "	1.50
Autumn Leaves—Oak	" 10½ by 14½ "	1.50
Wood-Mosses and Ferns. (After ELLEN ROBBINS)	" 7½ by 9½ "	3.00
Bird's Nest and Lichens. (After ELLEN ROBBINS)	" 7½ by 9½ "	3.00
The Bulfinch. (After WM. CRUICKSHANK)	" 7 by 9 "	3.00
The Linnet. (After WM. CRUICKSHANK)	" 7 by 9 "	3.00
The Baby: or, Going to the Bath. (After BOUGUEREAU)	" 7 by 9 "	3.00
The Sisters. (Companion to the Baby)	" 8½ by 11½ "	3.00
Dead Game. (After G. BOSSETT)	" 13 by 16½ "	6.00
A Friend in Need. (After F. SCHLESINGER)	" 9½ by 12½ "	5.00
The Barefoot Boy. (After EASTMAN JOHNSON)	" 24 by 16½ "	12.00
Sunlight in Winter. (After J. MORVILLER)	" 18½ by 12 "	10.00
Sunset: California Scenery. (After A. BIERSTADT)	" 22½ by 15½ "	7.50
Horses in a Storm. (After R. ADAMS)	" 18½ by 13½ "	5.00
Our Kitchen-Bouquet. (After WM. HARRING)	" 13 by 16½ "	6.00
The Unconscious Sleeper. (After L. FERRAULT)	" 13 by 16½ "	6.00
The Two Friends. (After GIRAUD)	" 16½ by 20½ "	12.00
The Boyhood of Lincoln. (After EASTMAN JOHNSON)	" 16½ by 12 "	6.00
Fruit Piece, No. 1. (After C. BIELE)	" 8½ by 11½ "	5.00
The Doctor. (After HENRY BACON)	" 8½ by 14½ "	5.00
Harvest. (After B. B. G. STONE)	" 23½ by 14½ "	15.00
The Crown of New England. (After GEO. L. BROWN)	" 12½ by 16½ "	6.00
Spring. (After A. T. BRICHER)	" 12½ by 16½ "	6.00
Autumn. (Companions)	" 12½ by 16½ "	6.00

Prang's Half Chromos.

The Winter Wren	Each 6½ by 8½ inches	\$1.00
The Ruby-Crowned Wren		
The Savannah Sparrow		
The Blue-Throated Blue Warbler		
Piper and Nut-Crackers. (After LANDSEER)	Size 10 by 12½ "	2.00
Piper and Nut-Crackers. (After LANDSEER)	" 6½ by 7½ "	1.00
May Flowers	" 7½ by 9½ "	1.00
Apple-Blossoms	" 7½ by 9½ "	1.00
Mother's Care	" 8½ by 11½ "	1.25
Victory: or, The Remedy worse than the Disease	" 10 by 12½ "	2.00
Victory. (The same subject reduced)	" 6½ by 7½ "	1.00
Awakening. (A Litter of Puppies)	" 8½ by 11½ "	2.00
The Twins. No. 1. (Lambs and Sheep)	Each 10 by 11½ "	2.00
The Twins. No. 2. (A companion picture)		
Scotch Terrier and Puppies	Size 8½ by 10½ "	2.00
Not Caught Yet. (After E. LANDSEER)	" 8 by 12 "	2.00
Just Caught. (After HERRING)	" 8 by 12½ "	2.00
The Frightened Ducklings	" 10 by 11½ "	2.00
Old Dock-Square Warehouse	" 10½ by 14½ "	1.00
Cocker and Woodcock. (After ANDELL)	" 8½ by 11½ "	2.00
Have Patience. (Girl and Dog)	" 13½ by 16½ "	4.00
Rabbits and Kittens	" 14½ by 17½ "	6.00
Morning. (After ROSA BONHEUR)	" 12 by 17½ "	5.00
Evening. (After ROSA BONHEUR)	" 12 by 17½ "	5.00
*Twelve Views on the Hudson		(Per set) 1.50
*Twelve Views of American Coast-Scenes		" 1.50
Summer Fruit—Currants, Oranges, &c.		(Companion pieces)
Autumn Fruit—Grapes, Peaches, Pears, &c.	" 15½ by 10½ "	(After S. FULLER) (Per pair) 10.00

* These two series of miniature pictures are put up in sets of twelve assorted copies, and mounted on white board. Size 2½ by 4½.

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